

STRAY PEBBLES  
FROM THE



SHORES OF THOUGHT.

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Elizabeth Porter Gould.

# STRAY PEBBLES

FROM THE

## SHORES OF THOUGHT

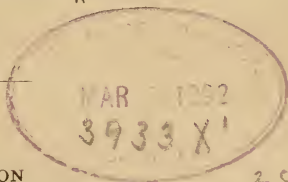
BY

ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD

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POEMS OF NATURE.





TO WALT WHITMAN.

“I loafe and invite my soul.”

And what do I feel?

An influx of life from the great central  
power

That generates beauty from seedling to  
flower.

“I loafe and invite my soul.”

And what do I hear?

Original harmonies piercing the din  
Of measureless tragedy, sorrow, and sin.

“I loafe and invite my soul.”

And what do I see?

The temple of God in the perfected man  
Revealing the wisdom and end of earth's  
plan.

*August, 1891.*

## TO SUMMER HOURS.

### DAY.

Trip lightly, joyous hours,  
While Day her heart reveals.  
Such wealth from secret bowers  
King Time himself ne'er steals.  
O joy, King Time ne'er steals !

### NIGHT.

Breathe gently, tireless hours,  
While Night in beauty sleeps.  
Hold back e'en softest showers,—  
Enough that mortal weeps. .  
Ah me, that my heart weeps !

## A TRUE VACATION.

IN A HAMMOCK.

“Cradled thus and wind caressed,”

Under the trees,

(Oh what ease.)

Nature full of joyous greeting ;

Dancing, singing, naught secreting,

Ever glorious thoughts repeating —

Pause, O Time,

I'm satisfied !

Now all life

Is glorified !

*Porter Manse, Wenham, Mass.*

## A QUESTION.

Is life a farce?  
Tell me, O breeze,  
Bearing the perfume of flowers and trees,  
While gaily decked birds  
Pour forth their gladness in songs beyond  
words,  
And cloudlets coquette in the fresh summer  
air  
Rejoicing in everything being so fair —  
Is life a farce?

How can it be, child,  
When Nature at heart  
Is but the great spirit of love and of art  
Eternally saying, "I must God impart."

Is life a farce ?  
Tell me, O soul,  
Struggling to act out humanity's whole  
'Midst Error and Wrong,  
And failure in sight of true victory's song;  
With Wisdom and Virtue at times lost to  
view,  
And love for the many lost in love for the  
few —

Is life a farce ?

How can it be, child,  
When humanity's heart  
Is but the great spirit of love and of art  
Eternally crying, "I must God impart."

## TO A BUTTERFLY.

O butterfly, now prancing  
Through the air,  
So glad to share  
The freedom of new living,  
Come, tell me my heart's seeking.  
Shall I too know  
After earth's throe  
Full freedom of my being?  
Shall I, as you,  
Through law as true,  
Know life of fuller meaning?  
O happy creature, dancing,  
Is time too short  
With pleasure fraught  
For you to heed my seeking?

Ah, well, you've left me thinking :  
    If here on earth  
    A second birth  
Can so transform a being,  
    Why may not I  
    In worlds on high  
Be changed beyond earth's dreaming ?

## IN A HAMMOCK.

The rustling leaves above me,  
The breezes sighing round me,  
A network glimpse of bluest sky  
To meet the upturned seeing eye,  
The greenest lawn beneath me,  
Loved flowers and birds to greet me,  
A well-kept house of ancient days  
To tell of human nature's ways,—  
    Oh happy, happy hour !

Whence comes all this to bless me,  
The soft wind to caress me,  
The life which does my strength renew  
For purer visions of the true ?  
Alas ! no one can tell me.



But, hush ! let Nature lead me.  
Let even wisest questions cease  
While I breathe in such life and peace  
This happy, happy hour.

*Porter Manse, Wenham, Mass.*

## O RARE, SWEET SUMMER DAY.

“ The day is placid in its going,  
To a lingering motion bound,  
Like a river in its flowing —  
Can there be a softer sound? ”

— *Wordsworth.*

O rare, sweet summer day,  
Could'st thou not longer stay?  
The soothing, whispering wind's caress  
Was bliss to weary brain,  
The songs of birds had power to bless  
As in fair childhood's reign.

The tinted clouds were free from showers,  
The sky was wondrous clear,  
The precious incense of rare flowers  
Made sweet the atmosphere ;

*O RARE, SWEET SUMMER DAY. 21*

The shimmering haze of mid-day hour  
Was balm to restlessness,  
While thought of silent hidden power  
Was strength for helplessness —  
O rare, sweet summer day,  
Could'st thou not longer stay?

*Porter Manse.*

## AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

Blow breezes, fresh breezes, on Love's  
    swiftest wing,

And bear her the message my heart dares  
    to sing.

Pause not on the highways where gathers  
    earth's dust,

Nor in the fair heavens, though cloudlets  
    say must.

But blow through the valleys where flowers  
    await

To give of their essence ere yielding to  
    fate ;

Or blow on the hill tops where atmospheres  
    lie

Imbued with the health which no money  
    can buy.

But fail not, O breezes, on Love's swiftest  
wing  
To bear her the message my heart dares to  
sing.

The breezes, thus laden, sped on in their  
flight,  
As, cradled in hammock, I sang in delight,  
On that blest summer day in the years long  
ago,  
When life was all sunshine and youth all  
aglow.

The sweets of the valleys, the breath of the  
hills  
Were gathered — the best that our loved  
earth distills —  
As, obedient still to my wish, on they flew  
To the home of my darling they now so  
well knew.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas for the breezes, alas for my heart,  
Alas for my message, so full of love's art !  
If only the breezes had followed their will,  
And loitered among the pure cloudlets so  
still,

They'd have met a fair soul from the earth  
just set free

In search of their help for its message to  
me ;

The message my darling, with last fleeting  
breath,

In vain tried to utter, o'ertaken by death.

The breezes, fresh breezes, have blown on  
since then,

With messages laden again and again.

As for me, I send none. I wait only their  
will

To bring me that message my lone heart  
to fill.

They'll find it some day in a light zephyr  
    chase,  
For nothing is lost in pure love's boundless  
    space.

## ON JEFFERSON HILL.

(BEFORE THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE.)

The sovereign mountains bask in sunset  
    rays,  
    The valleys rest in peace ;  
The lingering clouds melt into twilight haze,  
    The birds their warbling cease ;  
The villagers' hour of welcome sleep is  
    near,  
    The cattle wander home,  
While wrapped in summer-scented atmos-  
    phere,  
    Calm evening comes to roam  
    With gentle pace  
    Through star-lit space,



Till moon-kissed Night holds all in her  
    embrace,  
And Morning waits to show her dawn-  
    flushed face.

## ON SUGAR HILL.

TO F. B. F.

The lovely valleys nestling in the arms  
Of glorious mountain peaks ;  
The purple tint of sunset hour, and charms  
The evening hour bespeaks ;  
The monarch peak kissed by the rising sun,  
While clouds keep guard below ;  
Grand, restful views, with foliage autumn-  
won,  
And Northern lights rare glow,—  
Will e'er recall,  
In memory's hall,  
The happy days when on fair "Look-Off's"  
height,  
Sweet friendship cast her hues of golden  
light.

*Hotel Look-Off, September, 1891.*

AT FAIRFIELDS\*, WENHAM.

*June, 1890.*

Buttercups and daisies,  
Clover red and white,  
Ferns and crown-topped grasses  
Waving with delight,  
Dainty locust-blossoms,  
All that glad June yields,  
Welcome me with gladness  
To dearly-loved "Fairfields."  
But where's my happy collie dog,  
My Rosa?

The orioles sing greeting,  
The butterflies come near,

---

\* "Fairfields" is but another name for "Porter Manse."

The hens cease not their cackling,  
The horses neigh "I'm here,"  
The cows nod "I have missed you,"  
The pigs' eyes even shine,  
And from the red-house hearth-stone  
Comes pet cat Valentine.  
But where's my happy collie dog,  
My Rosa?

I miss her joyful greeting,  
Her handsome, high-bred face,  
Her vigorous, playful action  
In many a fair field chase.  
Not even lively Sancho  
Can fill for me her place.

O Rosa, happy Rosa,  
Gone where the good dogs go,  
Dost find such fields as "Fairfields,"  
More love than we could show?

## BLOSSOM-TIME.

Blossoms floating through the air,  
Bearing perfumes rich and rare,  
Free from trouble, toil, and care.

Would I were a blossom !

Robins singing in the trees,  
Feeling every velvet breeze,  
Free from knowledge that bereaves.

Would I were a robin !

Violets peaceful in the vale,  
Telling each its happy tale,  
Free from worldly noise and sale.

Would I were a violet !

Blessed day of needed wealth,  
Full of Nature's perfect health,  
Fill me with thy power.

Then like blossoms I shall be,  
    Wafting only purity,  
Or like robins, singing free  
'Midst the deepening mystery,  
Or like violets, caring naught  
Only to reflect God's thought."

*Porter Manse.*

## THE PRIMROSE.

Who tells you, sweet primrose, 'tis time to  
wake up

After dreaming all day?

Who changes so quickly your sombre green  
dress

To the yellow one gay,

And makes you the pet of the twilight's  
caress,

And of poet's sweet lay?

Who does, primrose, pray?

The primrose, secure on his emerald throne,  
Looked up quickly to say,

"A dear lovely fairy glides down from his  
throne

In the sun's golden ray,

And with a sweet kiss opens wide all our  
eyes,

Saying, 'Now is your day.'

And lo ! when he's gone we are filled with  
surprise

At our wondrous array,

So fresh and so gay.

Do tell us the name of this fairy, I pray,

Who gives of his beauty, and then hies  
away

Without thanks, without pay.

Does he linger your way ? "



## JOY, ALL JOY.

Lying on the new-mown hay, in a sightly  
field,

On a summer day,

With no care to weigh,

Or a bitter thought to stay all that sense  
might yield —

What a joy to have alway !

Sky as blue as blue can be, perfect green  
all round,

Birdlings on the wing

Ere they pause to sing

On the top of bush or tree, or on sweet  
hay-mound —

Restful joy in everything !

Butterflies just come to light, proud of free-  
dom's hour,  
Cows in pastures near,  
Wondering why I'm here,  
Chipmunks now and then in sight, bees in  
clover-flower —  
Added joy when these appear !  
Happy children far and near climbing loads  
of hay,  
Running here and there.  
Farmer's work to share,  
Skipping, shouting loud and clear, full of  
daring play —  
Children's joy ! Joy everywhere !

## AMONG THE PINES.

Far up in air the pines are murmuring  
Love songs sweet and low,  
With a rhythmic flow,  
Worthy of the glad sun's glow.

The airy clouds are o'er them bending,  
Captured by the sound  
Of such pleasure found  
In a playful daily round.

The birds pause in their flight to listen,  
Wondering all the while  
How the trees can smile  
Rooted so to earthly guile.

The hush of summer noon enwraps them  
    Perfumed from below  
    By the flowers that show  
They, too, murmuring love songs know.

All nature finds a joy in loving —  
    Oh, that I could hear  
    Love songs once so dear  
Death has hushed forever here !

*Intervale Woods, North Conway.*

## CONSCIOUS OR UNCONSCIOUS?

The earthquake's shock, the thunder's roar,  
The lightning's vivid chain,  
The ocean's strength, the deluge's pour,  
The wildest hurricane,

Are moods that Nature loves to show  
To man who boasts his birth  
From conscious force she could not know  
Because denied soul-worth.

But is it true she does not share  
A knowledge in God's plan?  
Must not she His own secret bear  
To so touch soul of man?

Those who deny this see not clear  
    Into the heart of things ;  
For how could otherwise God here  
    Reveal His wanderings ?

POEMS OF LOVE.





## LOVE'S HOW AND WHY.

How do I love thee ?

Oh, who knows

How the blush of the rose

Can its secret disclose ?

Oh, who knows ?

Why do I love thee ?

Ah, who cares

Sound a passion he shares

With the angels ? Who dares,

Yes, who dares ?

LOVE'S GUERDON.

Thine eyes are stars to hold me  
To love's pure rapturous height.  
Thy thoughts are pearls to lead me  
To truth beyond earth's sight.  
Thy love is life to keep me  
Forever in God's light.

## A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

Thy birthday, dear ?  
Oh, would I had the poet's art  
By which I could my wish impart  
For thy new year ;  
But e'en a poet's pen of gold  
Would fail my wish to thee unfold  
In earthly sphere.

Thy birthday, dear ?  
Oh, would I had the painter's skill  
Prophetic visions to fulfill  
For thy new year ;  
But e'en a painter's rarest brush  
Would but my holy visions crush,  
Or fail to cheer.

Thy birthday, dear ?

Oh, would I had sweet music's aid

To vitalize the prayers I've made

For thy new year ;

Alas ! not even music's best

Could put in form my soul's behest

For thee, my dear.

That only will expression find

In purest depths of thine own mind

This coming year ;

As, guided by the inner light,

There'll come to thee the new-born sight

Of ravished seer.

But in this sight thou may'st so feel

Eternal beauty o'er thee steal —

God's gift, my dear —

That thou can'st find the blessed art

By which to make e'en depths of heart  
In form appear.

Yet, it may be a heaven's birthday  
Will have to dawn for us to say  
Our best things, dear.  
For, as thou know'st, Truth's deepest well  
Must e'er reflect, its depths to tell  
Heaven's atmosphere.

### THREE KISSES.

The kiss still burns upon my brow,  
That kiss of long ago,  
When in the flush of love's first hour  
He said he loved me so.

Another burns yet deeper still,  
The kiss of wedded bliss,  
When soul met soul in rapture sweet —  
Oh, pure love's burning kiss !

The third was laid away with him,  
A kiss for heaven's day,  
(O heart abide God's way) —  
When in the life beyond earth's change,

Beyond these mysteries sad and strange,  
New life will spring from out the old,  
New thoughts will larger truth unfold,  
And love have endless sway.

IF I WERE ONLY SURE.

•                   If I were only sure  
                  He loves me still,  
As in the realms of beauteous space  
(Alas ! so far from my embrace)  
                  He bides God's will,  
I could be more content to bear  
The bitter anguish and despair  
                  Which now me fill.

                  If I were only sure  
                  He waits for me  
To join him in the heavenly ream  
(Oh, how the thought does overwhelm)  
                  When body-free,



I could the better bear my fate,  
As day by day I learn to wait  
    In silent agony.

    O Father, in my doubt  
    One thing is sure,  
That Thou, all love, could ne'er destroy  
(Death only is in earth's alloy)  
    Such love so pure  
As that which blessed our union here,  
The love which knew no change nor fear —  
    Such must endure.

## ABSENCE.

The days are happy here, dear,  
But happier would they be  
Could'st thou be near to bless me  
With love's sweet ministry ;

Then all this beauty round me  
Would on my memory lie,  
As prayers of sainted mother,  
Or childhood's lullaby.

*Hotel Look-Off, Sugar Hill, N.H.*

## A LOVE SONG.

Oh ! ecstasy rare  
Comes down to share  
The heart that with human love trembles ;  
While all on the earth  
Is crowned with new birth  
And everything heaven resembles.

But grief and despair  
Have latent their share  
In hearts that with human love tremble,  
Since fires of love  
Enkindled above  
In frail earthen vessels assemble.

Still, ecstasy rare  
Comes down to share

The heart that with human love trembles ;  
    While all on the earth  
    Is crowned with new birth  
And everything heaven resembles.

## IN HER GARDEN.

She picks me June roses.  
Were ever such roses?  
Their fragrance would honor  
The heavenly halls.

She finds me pet pansies.  
Such wondrous-eyed pansies,  
And lovely nasturtiums  
That run on the walls.

Sweet peas she's now bringing,  
While all the time singing.  
And I? Ask the flowers  
To tell what befalls.

## LOVE'S WISH.

Would I were beautiful !  
Then you at Beauty's shrine might freely  
    dine,  
    A welcome guest  
    For joy's bequest.  
But, dear, if this were so,—  
If I were Beauty's child, all undefiled,  
    To make you blest  
    In beauty's quest,

You might forget to see  
The soul's pure hidden shrine wherein e'er  
    shine  
    The things that test  
    Love's true behest.

Would I were beautiful,  
That you might better see the soul in me !  
That wish is best,  
Is 't not, dearest ?

## IS THERE ANYTHING PURER?

Oh, the prayer of a dear virgin-heart,  
Breathed forth with true love's gentle art!

Is there anything purer  
On land or on sea,  
More laden with blessing  
For you or for me?

It is sweeter than song ever heard,  
More precious than love's spoken word.  
It is fraught with a keen recognition  
Of truest soul-need and fruition.

Is there anything purer  
On land or on sea,  
More laden with comfort  
For you or for me?



It is oftentimes born in great pain,  
With no ray of hope's blessed gain.  
But as lulled by the angels at midnight  
Ere reaching the infinite daylight

Is there anything surer,  
On land or on sea,  
To bring the God-Father  
To you or to me ?

## LONGING.

Through all this summer joy and rest,  
Though lying on fair Nature's breast,  
There breathes the longing heart's desire,  
    Would he were here !

The thrill of pain kind Nature feels ;  
For all the while there o'er me steals  
Like holy chimes in midnight air,  
    “ He'll soon be here.”

And flowers and trees, vales, hills, and birds  
Make haste to echo her glad words,  
    “ He'll soon be here.”

## YOUNG LOVE'S MESSAGE.

Sing too, little bird, what my heart sings  
to-day.

Dost thou know? —

I'll speak low —

“Oh, I do love him so.”

Hold safe, waving grass, in thy rhythmical  
flow,

What I say,

Till the day

When as sweet new-mown hay

Thou can'st bear it to him in the fragrance  
loved best.

Thou dost fear?—  
Oh, love dear,  
How I wish thou wert here!

But pause, little cloud, thou canst carry it  
now,  
I am sure,  
Sweet and pure,  
Though the winds do allure;

For thou art on the way to the west where  
he is.

But dost know?—  
Tell him low,  
“That I do love him so,  
Oh! I do love him so.”

## A DIARY'S SECRET.

*January 1, 1867.*

God's love was once enough  
My heart to satisfy,  
When in the days of childhood's faith  
I knew not doubt or sigh.

But since I saw Roy's face,  
And knew his love's sweet cheer,  
And felt the anguish and despair  
Which come from partings here,

So hungry have I grown  
No love can satisfy,  
And all my childhood's faith in God  
Doth mock me as a lie.

But still in these dark hours  
I hold one anchor fast :  
Perhaps this is the *woman's* way  
To reach God's love at last.

*January 1, 1887.*

The deepening years have proved  
Love's conquest justified.  
The woman's hungry heart at last  
In God is satisfied.

## A MONOLOGUE.

Has Love come ?

Ah, too late !

Already Death stands o'er me  
With hungry eyes that bore me —

O cruel fate,

That after all life's years

Of sacrifice and tears,

'Tis Death, not Love, that wins.

But, stay ! This message bear,

Ere yet Death's work begins :

“ In other realms earth's losses

Will change from saddening crosses

To love-crowned joy,

Where Death shall have no mission,

But Love his sweet fruition

Without alloy.”

## A PRICELESS GIFT.

'T was much he asked — a virgin heart  
Unknown to worldly ways.  
What could he give? Ah, well he knew  
He lacked sweet virtue's praise.

The virgin heart was given to him  
Without a doubting thought,  
When, lo! through seeming sacrifice  
A miracle was wrought;

A miracle of love and grace,  
Revealing woman's power;  
For, clothed in purity, he rose  
To meet the coming hour.



## THE OCEAN'S MOAN.

Last night the ocean's moan  
Was to my ears  
The deep sad undertone  
Of vanished years,

Bearing a burden,  
A bliss unattained,  
A strife and a longing,  
A life sad and pained,  
To the shores vast and free  
Of eternity's sea.

But in that undertone  
Of restless pain,  
Came at length a monotone  
Of sweet refrain,

Bearing a passion  
Long known to the sea —  
Told in moments of silence  
A sad heart to free —  
To be borne me some day  
In the ocean's own way.

And this rare monotone  
Of mystery  
Was now that passion-moan  
Of secrecy,

Bearing, "I love her,  
My moaning ne'er'll cease  
Till she on my breast  
Findeth love's perfect peace ;  
Till she on my breast  
Findeth love's perfect rest."

Oh, is there tenderer tone  
For mortal ear,

Than such a monotone,  
Distinct and clear,  
Bearing its comfort,  
Its heavenly peace,  
Its help for all sorrow,  
Its heart-pain release,  
To a soul waiting long  
For love's tender, true song?

And now the ocean's moan  
Is to my ears  
The dearest undertone  
Of all the years,

Bearing a memory,  
A sweet bliss attained,  
A gratified longing,  
A life's joys regained,  
To the shores vast and free  
Of eternity's sea.

*Boar's Head, Hampton, N.H.*

## LOVE'S FLOWER.

Love's sweet and tender flower  
Of pure, perennial life,  
Blooms ever fresh in power  
O'er all earth's wrong and strife.

Pluck not in haste, young man,  
This flower of wondrous hue,  
Nor dare to crush, nor fail to scan,  
Such beauty ever new.

Gaze at it long, young girl,  
And guard its sacred blush ;  
Then shall its treasures old unfurl  
Your yearning soul to hush.

## LOVE DISCROWNED.

*(In Four Scenes.)*

### SCENE I.

“ When he comes, my darling,  
I shall tell him all :  
All the secret ecstasy,  
All the peace and joy,  
All my heart’s sweet fantasy,  
Free from self’s alloy,—  
All —

O blessed power  
Of love’s sweet hour,  
When I shall tell him all,  
Shall tell him all ! ”

## SCENE II.

“Hark, hark! he’s come. I hear his step.  
O joy, love’s hour is here.  
I knew that he was true and pure,  
I could not feel love’s fear.  
Oh, no; I could not, dear.”

## SCENE III.

She gave one look, one piercing look,  
Drew back her anguished soul,  
Then murmured low, “O bitter hour!  
But — God — forgive — the — whole —  
Forgive —

O bitter power  
Of love’s death-hour,  
I thought to tell him all,  
To tell him all.”

## SCENE IV.

He gazed upon her lifeless face,  
He held her lifeless hand.  
Was this the form he once had loved?  
He did not understand.  
Once loved? Yes, that was so.  
He'd loved since, one or two,  
And — well, what was a woman for,  
If not for man to woo?

## MORAL.

Alas, for broken hearts and lives  
Of those who can but trust!  
Alas, for those who see no law  
But that of selfish must!

## RENUNCIATION.

“ Oh, is not love eternal  
When once the heart be won ?  
Oh, is not love infernal  
When love can be undone ? ”

So sighed a gentle maiden  
In light of memory dear,  
As, sad and heavy-laden,  
She longed for knowledge clear.

But soon the bitter heart-ache  
Gave way to victory's cheer ;  
For, brave, she chose for His sake  
The life which knows no peer ;



The life of abnegation  
Which gives the Christ's own peace,  
But leaves the sad temptation  
To ask for life's release.

## A WIDOW'S HEART-CRY.

“Thy will, not mine, be done !”  
So breathe I when the day's begun,  
So breathe I when the day is done.

I whisper it in blinding tears,  
I pause and listen, till appears  
The welcome voice for listening ears ;

The voice which checks my wayward will  
And makes my longing heart to thrill  
With love for those who need me still.

But, O, how long must I so pray?  
When will I learn to calmly say,  
“Thy will is mine,” both night and day?

Ah ! this can never be on earth,  
Since he who gladly gave me birth  
To everything that was of worth

Has gone from out my sense and sight,  
To what ? O ye who still invite  
To heaven's sure realm and faith's own  
right,

Reveal some clue for me to see  
What life is his, what he's to me.  
Alas ! ye can't. Then what can be

More precious when the day is done,  
Or when the morning is begun,  
Than, "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

## TOGETHER.

Transformed, redeemed from all that dwarfs  
    or blights,  
In perfect harmony with beauteous sights  
Beyond imagination's highest flights  
    Ere reached by seer,  
We shall together walk the golden streets  
    Sometime, my dear.

But how, you ask, shall we each other know,  
So changed from what we were while here  
    below,  
When, caged like birds, we longed and suffered so?  
    Ah, do not fear.

Will not the soul, when free, seek like the  
bird

Its own, my dear?

It may not be at once or soon, 'tis true.  
For you may be among the blessed few  
Who'll sooner reach the blissful heights —  
your due

For pure life here —

But sometime, sure as God is love and truth,  
We'll meet, my dear.

Some precious, long-forgotten look or word  
Breathed through the softest, sweetest music  
heard,

Or some vibration rare of soul depths stirred

By memory's tear,

Will, like a flash of light, reveal our souls

Together, dear,

To live the fuller life we've dreamed of here.

## SHADOWED CIRCLES.

Why weepest thou, O dear one ?  
Do sorrows press ?  
Beneath the weight of sorrow  
Is love's caress.

Why joyest thou, O dear one ?  
Is love thine own ?  
Ah ! 'neath love's deep rejoicing  
Is sorrow's moan.

Indeed, all earth's great passions —  
Is it not so ? —  
Are circled in the shadow  
Of joy or woe.

But why should we bemoan this ?  
    Could otherwise  
Truth's dazzling light be subject  
    To mortal eyes ?

Could otherwise we enter  
    The endless light,  
Beyond the shadowed circle  
    Of mortal sight ?





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



## A SONG OF SUCCESS.

### YOUTH.

I am dancing along. Just to live is a joy,  
I'm so happy and free.  
I know not nor care what will tame or de-  
stroy,  
Life now satisfies me.  
Oh, there's naught like dear youth  
To reveal the glad truth  
That 'tis pure, healthful joy just to know  
and to be !

### MIDDLE AGE.

I am marching along, full of work and of  
plan  
To alleviate wrong.

With a heart full of love both to God and  
to man,  
And an arm free and strong.  
Oh, there's naught like mid-life  
To make sure without strife  
The beauty of progress through action and  
song.

*OLD AGE.*

I am living along, sitting down by the way.  
My work is all done.  
I have fought the good fight, known the full  
of each day,  
And true victory won.  
Oh, there's naught like old age  
To declare with the sage,  
Life ending on earth is but heaven begun.

## THE UNDER-WORLD.

Under the restless surface  
Of ocean's vast domain,  
The god of perfect quiet  
Holds ever peaceful reign.

Under the restless surface  
Of passions strong and wild,  
The still small voice of conscience  
Is heard in accents mild.

Under the restless surface  
Of all man's life on earth,  
The Christ of sacred story  
Renews each day his birth.

## SHE KNOWS.

*(Written at Mountain Cottage, on Mount Wachusett, where  
Louisa M. Alcott spent the last summer of her life.)*

Last summer she believed that in and  
    through these beauteous scenes  
God's loving self did flow,  
But now she knows 'tis so.

For, having crossed the boundary lines of  
    honest doubt and fear,  
She sees with spirit-eye  
What sense could not descry.

Her firm belief, thus blossomed into perfect  
    flower of sight,  
Becomes a restful cheer  
To all who linger here,

Still asking for the secret of these changing,  
    beauteous scenes,  
And troubled with the why  
Of all earth's sorrowing cry.

Her presence here has filled the place with  
    memory of a soul  
Made beautiful through pain  
Eternity to gain.

*August, 1888.*

AT PITTSFORD, VERMONT.

TO J. A. C.

As winds the lovely Otter Creek through  
vales of summer green,  
Ne'er pausing on its way,  
Though love its tribute pay,

So gently winds my loving thought through  
memory's changing scenes,  
To days of long ago  
When thee I first did know.

Thy heartfelt sympathy and help were to  
my fresh young soul  
What these dear Vermont hills  
Are to the little rills ;



A presence near, a faithful strength, life-  
giving and serene —  
Oh, hills, be now as much  
To her who feels Time's touch !

In different paths, through various ways,  
we've known the world since then.  
Together now we rest  
On Nature's peaceful breast.

## CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

TO M. C.

If knowledge gained in later years  
May wholly cloud from sight  
The glimpse which childhood's eye hath  
    caught  
Of heaven's celestial light,

Then need we not the atmosphere  
Of second childhood's days  
To catch another broader glimpse  
Of heaven's immortal rays?

Ah, yes ; we even need to seek,  
Through earth's illusive hour,  
Immortal childhood's heavenly days  
Of sweet, revealing power ;

For how can otherwise we catch  
The deeper glimpses yet  
Of life eternal, glorious, pure,  
Where sun hath never set?

AN ANSWER.

TO B. P. S.

“ Why don't I write a story ? ”

Ah, friend, if you could see  
The depths of hidden heart-life  
Alas ! so known to me,

You'd find the truest story  
Flashed out in gleams of light,  
Before which all pens falter  
And vanish out of sight.

And as they vanish from me  
They leave the impress clear,  
That only Heaven's pen could write  
Such stories acted here.

So in His book of life,  
    Revealed to all some day,  
You'll find my story grand and true,  
    Worked out in His own way.

WHERE? WHAT? WHENCE?

The kingdom of heaven is where?

Oh, where?

Would that the heart which with pity o'er-  
flows,

While deigning love's burdens to share,  
Could disclose!

The kingdom of heaven is what?

Oh, what?

Would that the Infinite Presence which  
flows

Through a life on the earth finely cut  
Might disclose!

The kingdom of heaven is whence?

Oh, whence?

Ah ! let the wind and the breath of the rose  
Their secrets of life and of sense  
Dare disclose !  
Could we then see the better whence spirit  
arose ?  
Who knows ? Oh, who knows ?

## HEROES.

The heroes on the battlefield are calm in  
death,

    Their fighting o'er ;  
They feel no more the fevered breath  
    Of battle's war ;  
They hear at last the voice that saith  
    “ Fight on no more.”

But oh, the heroes on the grander field of  
peace,

    Who know no rest !  
Whose hearts ne'er feel the full release  
    From mortal quest,  
Nor breathe the air where struggles cease  
    The soul to test.



For such we mourn, O purifying soul of  
life,

For such we pray.

Let Nature free them from the strife

Of falsehood's way,

And Love through every struggle rife

Have free, full play.

## A MAGDALEN'S EASTER CRY.

In the different mansions of heavenly space  
Prepared for the faithful and pure,  
(Ah me, for the faithful and pure !)  
Can I dare hope to find e'en a small resting  
place  
Free from sin and all earthly allure ?

Can a soul such as mine, that has wasted  
life's wealth  
On the baubles and gewgaws of time,  
(Ah me, on the baubles of time !)  
Have a fitting strength left to regain needed  
health  
For the life of a heavenly clime ?

For a life where the laws of the spirit, not  
    sense,  
    Bring their perfect eternal reward,  
    (Ah me, their eternal reward !)  
And the pleasures obtained with such fever  
    intense  
    Can find nowhere a vibrating chord ?

Oh, woe is me, woe is me, this Easter day !  
    No hope riseth up in my soul.  
    (Ah me, my poor sin-laden soul !)  
I have only the dregs of my pleasure to pay,  
    And such wrong, bitter thoughts of life's  
    whole.

But, listen ! What's that ? What's that mes-  
    sage I hear  
    Bearing down on my sad troubled heart ?  
    (Ah me, on my sad troubled heart !)

“Christ is risen indeed. He is risen to  
cheer,  
And His strength to the weakest impart.”

O Christ, can it be that Thine own risen  
strength  
Can give life, added life, to my soul,  
To my sin-laden, weak, starving soul?  
Yes, 'tis true. I'll believe, and rejoice now  
at length  
To feel Easter's sweet joy o'er me roll.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF MRS.  
BROWNING'S DEATH.

*June 29, 1861.*

"'Tis beautiful," she faintly cried,  
Then closed her weary eyes and died.

So stands plain fact on history's page,  
Attested to by friend and sage.

But in our hearts the fact grows bright,  
Illumined with immortal light.

For open eyes saw heaven's shores,  
And life, not death, revealed its stores.

"'Tis beautiful!" It must be so,  
If such a soul 'midst parting's woe,

Could with truth's perfect clearness see  
The secret of life's mystery ;

Could *know* that fullest life of man  
Needs heaven's light to round God's plan.

O woman-soul without a peer,  
We thank thee more and more each year

For this sweet proof of Beauty's power  
Beyond earth's transitory hour.

It calms our hours of doubt and pain,  
And beautifies earth's troubled reign,

To feel that thou art sending still  
This same sweet message of God's will,

Born of fruition's grander sight,  
Of perfect beauty, peace, and light.

ROBERT BROWNING.

“A peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast.  
O thou soul of my soul, I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!”  
— *Prospice.*

*Fulfilled December 12, 1889.*

Oh, the blessed fruition  
Of peace out of pain!  
Of a light without darkness,  
A clasping again!  
Of a full soul reunion  
In Love's endless reign!  
Sing, O earth, with new joy  
At this victory won!  
For the faith that endured  
Till the setting of sun!

For the hope that shone clear  
    Through the mighty work done !  
For the love that sought God  
    To guide love here begun !  
Sing, O earth, with new joy  
    For such victory won !



TO NEPTUNE, IN BEHALF OF  
S. C. G.

O Neptune, in thy vast survey  
Of all the ships that sail,  
Watch lovingly the well-known way  
Of one we wait to hail.

The Cephalonia is her name —  
But why need I tell more?  
'Thou knowest indeed the well earned fame  
She bears from shore to shore.

But since among her company's band  
Is one who's life to me,  
O Neptune, bear her in thy hand  
E'en yet more tenderly,

O'er gentle waves, 'neath fair blue sky,  
    'Midst winds that only blow  
To make the time more swiftly fly  
    For hearts that hunger so.

*Boston, September 4, 1886.*

TO THE PANSIES GROWING ON  
THE GRAVE OF A. S. D.

Beautiful pansies, ye must know  
Your sacred mission here,  
For how could otherwise ye grow  
So sweet and full of cheer?

Your watchful love we can't o'errate,  
As, lingering here in tears,  
Fond memory brings the precious weight  
Of friendship's golden years.

Ye are the symbols, pure and sweet,  
Of heartsease and of life,  
Through which our thought may dare retreat  
From pain and death so rife,

To realms of light and peace above,  
    From earth's alloy set free,  
Wherein abide immortal love  
    And deathless ministry.

But still, while we your comfort seek,  
    Our hearts will wildly yearn  
To hear once more the loved one speak,  
    Once more the form discern.

*At Woodlawn Cemetery, May, 1886.*

## A BROKEN HEART.

### I.

Must I always look for sorrow  
On the morrow?  
Must I never have the hope  
That a life of larger scope  
Will before my vision ope?

### II.

Ah, 'tis true there is but sorrow  
On the morrow  
For the broken hearts that wait,  
Bearing secretly their fate.  
Yet the opening of the gate  
To the blessed heaven's morrow,  
When the aching, longing heart

Shall be free from pain and sorrow,  
Comes before my tired eyes  
With a wondrous sweet surprise.

## III.

But this joy is not for me,  
Not for me.  
Alas ! for my poor broken heart,  
With its poisoned arrow's dart.  
Without hope, alone, apart.

## MY RELEASE.

I hear in the ocean's restless moan  
My soul's lament.  
Will it ever cease?

I feel in the rumbling earthquake's groan  
Deep anguish spent.  
Shall I now know peace?

I see in the smallest heaven's loan  
Enough for content —  
But is that release?

O no!  
My release is but found in the pure under-  
tone,  
Coming nearer and dearer to me,

Of a great human love beyond Nature at  
best,  
Eternal, inspiring, and free.  
Oh, that's my release.  
Happy me, happy me !



## THE GOD OF MUSIC.

TO E. T. G.

Out from the depths of silence  
The god of music came,  
To echo heavenly cadence  
On earth's fair shores of fame.

Full-orbed, with heavenly glory,  
He met the lords of earth.  
But 'twas the old, old story,  
They blind were to his worth.

So back to depths of silence  
He flew on wings of light,  
"To bide their time of nonsense,"  
He sang when out of sight.

And as rolled on the ages,  
He ever and anon  
Sent down to earth his pages  
The lords to breathe upon.

At length he felt vibrations,  
From Germany's fair clime,  
Of sweetest modulations  
E'er heard in realms of time.

So forth he flew in rapture  
To that dear father-land,  
To seize — ere earth could capture —  
A spirit pure and grand,

To which he could surrender  
Himself with perfect ease,  
And weave the music tender,  
Of heaven's own harmonies.

He found the child Beethoven ;  
On him his blessing fell.  
And in his soul was woven  
The sounds we know so well.

## TO WILHELM GERICKE.

*(On the completion of his conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.)*

1884-1889.

Great poets can without the aid  
Of kindred mind  
Reveal to us the secrets laid  
On them to find ;  
But music-kings need ministries  
To sound their hidden harmonies.

For showing us the inmost heart  
Of these great kings,  
And making clear with wondrous art  
Their wanderings,  
We thank thee, while we tender here  
A "bon voyage" to home's loved sphere.

FOR E. T. F.

I.

AFTER THE BIRTH OF HER SON, R. A. F.

*May 28, 1887.*

I'd rather hear my baby's coo,  
That little gurgling coo,  
Than rarest song or symphony  
Born out of music's mystery  
Which once did woo.

I'd rather see my baby's face,  
That lovely dimpled face,  
Than all the choicest works of art,  
Inspired by loving hand or heart,  
Contained in space.

I'd rather feel my baby's eyes,  
Such deep blue heavenly eyes,  
Than all the world's delighted gaze,  
Proclaiming with continued praise  
My power to rise.

O yes, 'tis true, my baby dear,  
My precious baby dear,  
Is more than music, art, or fame,  
Or anything that bears the name  
Of pleasure here.

For in this joy I find a rest,  
A soul-inspiring rest,  
Beyond the wealth of fame or art,  
To satisfy my woman-heart,  
Or make it blest.

And as I live in this my gift,  
My heaven-sent, blessed gift,

Thoughts such as Mary pondered o'er  
Deep in her heart in days of yore  
Come to uplift,

And make the claims of motherhood,  
Dear sacred motherhood,  
Become creation's mountain height,  
Whereon e'er shines the beacon-light  
Of womanhood.

*Chelsea, Mass.*

II.

AFTER THE DEATH OF R. A. F.

*February 5, 1888.*

Would I could see my baby's face,  
That lovely dimpled face,—

O God, how can I bear the pain  
Of never seeing it again,  
My baby's face ;

Of never seeing in those eyes,  
Those deep blue heavenly eyes,  
The wondrous glimpses of soul-light  
Which filled my heart with strange delight  
And sweet surprise ;

Of never hearing baby's coo,  
That little gurgling coo—  
O God, how can I bear the pain  
Of never hearing it again,  
My baby's coo.

Alas! "Thy will, not mine, be done."  
Not mine, but Thine, be done.  
I can but breathe again this prayer,  
As in the days of past despair,  
When peace was won.



TO C. H. F.

*(Upon receiving a twig of green from the grave of Helen  
Hunt Jackson, October, 1888.)*

With reverent touch and grateful heart,  
    Dear thoughtful friend,  
I hold this precious bit of green  
    You kindly send  
From Cheyenne's holy, lonely grave,  
    Where pilgrims tend.

It touches springs of tenderest life  
    Inspired by her,  
Who, child of poetry and ease,  
    Did not demur  
From sacrificing all to be  
    Wrong's arbiter.

That rare mosaic it suggests  
    Made by the hand  
Of those who seek this favored spot  
    In chosen land,  
Where, oft in life, she penned her soul  
    At Truth's command.

'Tis true, she wished no monument  
    To mark the place ;  
But must she not be satisfied  
    To see the space  
Thus blessed and open to the heart  
    Of every race ?

O brain of power and heart of fire,  
    America's pride,  
No wonder that the mountain height,  
    Above sin's tide,  
Was chosen as the resting place  
    With death to hide ;

For such could give the needed rest  
    On earth denied,  
Could satisfy the poet's thought,  
    Unsatisfied,  
And symbolize the soul's true rest  
    When glorified.

## AN ANNIVERSARY POEM.

And is time marked in heaven? Dost know,  
O spirit friend,  
'Tis just a year ago to-day  
Thou went so suddenly away,  
And left me in my loneliness the weary  
days to spend? —  
Ah, weary days,  
Denied thy praise  
And all thy many helpful ways!

And is earth known in heaven? Dost see,  
O clear-eyed soul,  
The present changing life of man  
Still working out the wondrous plan

Of making even broken lives add to the  
complete whole?—

    Ah, broken\* lives  
    That death deprives  
Of help like thine that heavenward strives!

And are we known in heaven? Do I, thy  
once fond care,

Still have that patient yearning love  
Which longed to lift my soul above  
The sweet though transitory joys of even  
earth's best fare?—

    Ah, earth's best fare  
    Cannot compare  
With thy ideal of me laid bare!

## A COMFORT.

TO S. R. H.

I have sowed in tears,—

Shall I reap in joy?

Shall my human heart be satisfied,

And sorrow and pain be justified?

Shall full fruition free my soul

From limitation's sad control,

And all my faculties of mind

'Their perfect rest and freedom find?

“They that sow in tears

Shall reap in joy,”

Sang a poet-heart in the long ago,

'Midst depths of sorrow, pain, and woe;

And what to him was truth and life

Has shone through all the ages' strife,

To be at last our beacon-light

Of comfort in the darkest night.

## AN ANNIVERSARY.

The autumn tints of these loved hills  
    Outlined against the sky,  
Are dearer far to me this year  
    Than in the years gone by ;

For they are colors Nature wears  
    To celebrate the time  
When her pet child changed life on earth  
    For that of heavenly clime.

She thus rejoices, while our hearts  
    Wear not their flowers of joy.  
Alas ! could she but give us back  
    Our gifted artist boy !

But then she sees that it was best  
That he, like her, should know  
Death, and the Resurrection too,  
The fullest life to show.



## A THANK-OFFERING.

TO MISS ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

Thou priestess of pure childhood's heart,  
Wherein God's spirit lies,  
Thou willing priestess of the art  
Of true self-sacrifice,

Ere thy rare spirit takes its flight  
To realms beyond our praise,  
Where childhood's pure eternal light  
Shines through the blessed days,

We thank thee for thy legacy  
Of thought wrought out in deed,

By which love's sweet supremacy  
Becomes man's potent need.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our nation must thy secret share,  
Ere it can fully rise  
To heights of truth and insight where  
True wisdom's glory lies.

## AT LIFE'S SETTING.

Put your arms around me.  
There — like that.  
I want a little petting  
At life's setting.  
For 'tis harder to be brave  
When feeble age comes creeping,  
And finds me weeping  
(Dear ones gone),  
Or brings before my tired eyes  
Sweet visions of my youth's fair prize  
(There is a pain in sacrifice),  
Denied me then and ever.  
Left me alone? No, never.  
For in God's love I nestled,  
While with deep thought I wrestled,

Till all my busy life at length  
Was spent in giving others strength,  
In making others' homes more bright,  
In making others' burdens light.

But now, alone and weary,  
I am hungry  
For a human love's sweet petting  
At life's setting.  
Keep your arms around me,  
Kiss my fevered brow,  
Whisper that you love me —  
I can bear it now.

Oh, how this does rest me  
Now my work is done!  
I've all my life loved others,  
Now I want love, dear one.

Just a little petting  
At life's setting ;  
For I'm old, alone, and tired,  
And my long life's work is done.

## GRANDMA WAITING.

A TRUE EXPERIENCE.

“Still waiting, dear good grandma, for the  
blessed angel Death?”

“Yes waiting, only waiting to be borne  
across the sea,  
To the home my soul's been building all  
these years of mystery,  
Through ninety years and over now of deep  
and wondrous change,  
Wherein I've known the heights and depths  
of human feeling's range,  
And tried to solve the problems old of  
human life so strange.

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You want to know my history, because I  
am so good?

Ah, child, no human life can here be fully  
understood.

You call me good, and what is more, a  
'true and blessed saint.'

(There is illusion sweet indeed in what you  
child-souls paint

Before you know too much of life and feel  
its evil taint.)

You even picture beauties of my home  
across the sea

Which I never dared to hope for e'en on  
heights of ecstasy.

You see me sitting helpless here, blind  
now for many years,

Apparently so full of peace, so free from  
doubts and fears,—

Though never free from Memory's thought  
which often brings the tears,—

And you wonder where's the passion and  
the energy of youth,  
The power that even dared to sway to evil  
ways forsooth.  
Ah, you but see the blessed fruit of what  
God planted sure,  
When in my years of sorrow He was whispering, 'Endure.'  
You cannot see the dreadful scars which  
naught on earth can cure.  
You cannot see the passion wild, when,  
'neath the coffin lid,  
Among the flowers, my children three, my  
precious all, were hid.

Nor can you see my conflict sore, when I  
went almost mad  
Before the dying form of him who had  
loved me from a lad,



A loving husband, kind and true, as ever  
woman had.

But still, before my dear one died, more  
children came to me :

Two lovely boys, who seemed at last a  
recompense to be.

For sometimes it does seem as if God sends  
a special gift,

To be a special help and strength, the sel-  
fish clouds to lift,

Or — what, perhaps, we need as much— the  
wheat from chaff to sift.

Through all my lonely, widowed life I lived  
in their sweet ways,

And found no sacrifice too great in work  
for future days.

At length they were my crowning joy. I'd  
come again to know

The blessings of a married life — the hap-  
piest here below —

When, lo! Death seized the oldest one, my  
boy that I loved so.

This opened fresh the old deep wounds;  
but still I had much left,

For then I was not, as before, of every  
child bereft.

So on I went in daily life, determined to  
be true

To blessings that were left to me. That  
does one's life renew,—

Remember this, my dear one, when your  
grandma's gone from you.

The years went on. I felt I'd had my  
share of sorrow's pain,

So I banished every lingering thought that  
Death could come again.

But when we are the surest, child, 'tis then  
he seems to be

More vigilant than ever to proclaim his  
mystery,  
As if he envied us an hour of joy's sweet  
company.  
My husband first was stricken down ; then  
came the added blow :  
'Two grown up sons, all settled with as fine  
a business show  
As ever comes to mortals, were cut down  
in prime of life,  
Having just begun to free me from the cir-  
cumstances rife,  
Which boded of the bitterness of poverty's  
dread strife.  
My soul was then so mystified, so dazed  
before God's will,  
That I could only find my voice in His  
calm words, ' Be still.'  
Oh, could I not been spared this stroke,  
known one less bitter pain,

And been as good for duties here, as fit for  
heaven's reign?

Was this the way, the only way, eternal life  
to gain?

It cannot be much longer. I shall soon  
have crossed the sea,

To the home my soul's been building all  
these years of mystery.

I've had my share of sorrow, but I've done  
the best I could.

God knows I've tried through all to grow  
more patient, wise, and good;

To get at least this out of life, as every  
mortal should.

But, though I've had his comfort, and still  
hear his sweet 'Endure,'

I feel the bitter heartache which no time  
or sense can cure.

My friends have all been laid away, my  
work long since was o'er,  
And now I'm only waiting for Death's  
landing on the shore.  
I hope 'twill be at sunset when he knocks  
at my soul's door ;  
For, somehow, it much easier seems to go  
the unknown way  
Attended by the beauty of the sun's last  
glorious ray.  
But as I calmly wait and think, it does  
seem rather queer  
That what you 'blessed angel' call has  
seemed my chief curse here.  
Alas ! how much we suffer before God's  
ways appear."

## DOES IT PAY?

Does it pay — all this burden and worry,  
All the learning acquired with pain,  
All the planning and nervous wild action,  
The restlessness following gain,  
Does it pay?

To be free from this burden and worry,  
To have knowledge without fear and pain,  
To be peaceful, far-seeing, sweet tempered,  
And calm in the presence of gain,  
We must know the pure secret of Nature,  
Like her be obedient to law,  
And work in the light of the promise  
Of blessed results Christ foresaw.  
Then each day,  
And alway,  
Life will pay.

## AUXILIUM AB ALTO.

The poet young e'er finds a tongue  
To tell the joys of love.  
The poet bold e'en dares behold  
The mystery above.

The poet brave e'er loves to rave  
Of wars and victories gained.  
The poet sweet e'en dares repeat  
The angels' songs unfeigned.

And to each one we say, "Well done,  
Go on and do thy best."  
Though still we feel each doth but seal  
A part of life's bequest.

But yet we cry, "O goddess high,  
Must thou thy wealth so share?  
America feign would have the reign  
Of *one* thy gift to bear.

She needs such one to help her shun  
The dangerous shoals of thought,  
Which in this age of clown and sage  
Her progress gained hath wrought.

She needs such one to help her shun  
The deeper shoals of wrong,  
Which in these days of doubt's fond lays  
Tempt e'en her favored strong.

Oh, send such one to say, 'Well done,'  
And tell in truth God's plan,  
While he declares as well as shares  
The fullest life of man."



## LIMITATIONS.

“Would that my acts could equal the noble  
acts I’ve told.

Would that I could but master myself as  
visions bold !”

So cried a famous artist, in agony of soul,  
As waves of great temptation before him  
high did roll.

“Oh, would that I could body the thoughts  
that govern me.

Oh, would that I could picture the visions  
I foresee !”

So cried a saintly woman, in ecstasy of  
pain,

As waves of sad depression rolled on her  
soul to gain.

## THE MUSE OF HISTORY.

Clio, with her flickering light  
And book of valued lore,  
Comes down the ages, dark and bright,  
Our interest to implore.

She walks with glad majestic mien,  
Proud of her knowledge gained ;  
Though mourning oft at having seen  
Man's life so dulled and pained.

Her face with lines of care is wrought,  
From searching mystery's cause,  
And dealing with the hidden thought  
Of nature's subtle laws.

Yet still she blushes with new life  
At sight of actions fine,  
And pales with anguish at the strife  
Of evil's dread design.

She stops to sing her grandest lays  
When, in creation's heat,  
She sees evolved a higher phase  
Of life's fruition sweet.

'Twas thus in days of Genesis,  
When man came forth supreme.  
'Twas thus in days of Nemesis,  
When Love did dare redeem.

And thus 'twill be in future days,  
When out from spirit laws,  
Shall be brought forth for lasting praise  
The ever great First Cause.

Oh, gladly know this wondrous muse  
Who walks the aisles of Time,  
And not so thoughtlessly refuse  
Her book of lore sublime ;

For in it is the precious force  
Of spirit-life divine,  
Which even through a winding course  
Leads in to Wisdom's shrine.

## AN IMPROMPTU.

*(Written for G. H. T., on the death of W. S. T., March,  
1889.)*

As brothers here we've shared the smiles,  
The tears of boyhood's hour,  
And felt the sweet companionship  
Of manhood's love and power.

But now the tie is snapped. He's fled  
Beyond the mortal sight.  
'The grave with all its mystery  
Asserts Death's power to blight.

Alas! Death seems the cruel thing  
In this bright world of ours.  
'The bravest soul shrinks from its hold  
Though loving faith empowers.

But, hark ! Is 't not his voice I hear,  
With comfort as of yore ?  
“ Dear brother, Death is but more Life,  
The grave is heaven's door.”

TO MRS. PARTINGTON.

*July 12, 1886.*

Another birthday here?  
It hardly seems a year  
Since I these words did hear,—  
When three score years and one did crown  
thee,—  
“Not till I am an octagon,  
Or, worse still, a centurion,  
Shall I be old, with factories gone  
All idiomatic and forlorn.”

But thou art still a “membrane” dear  
Of what we call society’s cheer;  
“Ordained beforehand, in advance.”  
('Twas “foreordained,” that does enhance,)

To hurl not "epitaphs" which sting,  
But a new "Erie's" dawn to bring,  
Of "fluid" thoughts which counteract  
The "bigamies" of fate and fact.

Alas! thy crutch of many years  
Still hints "romantic" pains and fears;  
A "Widow Cruise's oil jug" say,  
To keep "plumbago" still at bay!

Its helpful mission has a share  
In "Lines of Pleasant Places" rare.  
And, by the way, not crutch alone  
Finds in that book its value shown.

There in the depths of friendship's mines  
Are seen thy tenderest, purest lines;  
Impromptus born at love's command  
To deck occasion's wise demand.



One finds no "Sarah's desert" there,  
No "reprehensible" despair;  
But teeming thoughts on Mounds and Press  
Poured out in pure unselfishness.

'This brings to mind thy *Knitting-Work*,  
Wherein that "plaguey Ike" does lurk,  
And other books with humor rife,  
Done in the priming of thy life.

"Contusion of ideas." O no;  
What "Angular Saxon" would say so?  
"Congestive thoughts then so inane  
'They'd decompose the soundest brain."

Yes, there it is, thy humor still,  
Not seventy years and two can kill.  
'Tis free from all "harmonious" lore,  
A "wholesome" not a "ringtail" store.

## LINES

SENT TO THE DINNER GIVEN IN HONOR OF WALT  
WHITMAN'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY, AT CAM-  
DEN, N.J., MAY 31, 1889, AT 5 O'CLOCK P.M.

“Splendor of ended day floating and filling  
me,”\*

Comes to my mind as I think of the hour  
When our poet and friend will be lovingly  
drinking

The mystical cup of the seventy years'  
power.

Were I the man-of-war bird he has pictured  
Nothing could keep me from flying that  
way.

---

\*“Song at Sunset.”—*W. W.*

But, though absent in body, there's nothing  
can hinder

My tasting the joys of that festive birth-  
day ;

For on the swift wings of the ending day's  
splendor

My soul will glide in to drink deep the  
cup's wealth.

Who knows but the poet's keen sense of  
pure friendship

Will feel, 'midst the joy, what I drink to  
his health ? —

Splendor of ended day

Be but the door

Opening the endless way

Life evermore.



SONNETS.



## THE KNOWN GOD.

(Suggested by Arlo Bates' sonnet, "*The Unknown God*," published in the BOSTON COURIER of August 21, 1887.)

If Paul in Athens' street left nothing more  
Than what he found when deep in sacred  
thought,  
He stood and marvelled o'er what had  
been wrought,—  
'The *To the Unknown God* of heathen  
lore,—  
Then were he only one on thought's wide  
shore  
To lose his name in others. But, heaven-  
taught,

Undaunted, and in words experienced-  
fraught,  
Declared he God as known forevermore.

Paul's words, made deep and strong by  
martyred life,

Are more than vision deified. They are  
Love's balm to permeate true mental strife,  
And bring to sin-sick weary souls a star  
Of hope born of temptation's struggles rife.

*To the Known God.* Through Paul we  
dare thus far.

*August, 1887.*



TO PHILLIPS BROOKS.

O type of manhood, strong, serene, and  
chaste,

Attuned to law of man as well as God,  
We hail thee as a guide, who, having  
trod

With Christ the spirit-fields, in eager haste  
Makes glad return to give us blessed taste  
Of fruit there found. Through thee our  
feet are shod

With gospel-peace, while thy imperial  
rod

Becomes our need in times of drought or  
waste.

How can we thank thee for thy helpful  
cheer,

O master-spirit of the priests of earth?  
By daily doing penance without fear,  
Or resting satisfied in deeds of worth?  
O no! 'Tis when we breathe love's at-  
mosphere,  
And live like thee the life of heavenly  
birth.

*Boston, 1890.*

## AT THE "PORTER MANSE."

[That part of the Porter Manse containing the room referred to was built early in the last half of the seventeenth century. It was the house which Wenham (the first distinct township set off—in 1639—from Salem) gave to the second pastor of its church, Rev. Antipas Newman, who married, while living there, Governor Winthrop's daughter. It was bought by John Porter in 1703, and has remained in his family name without alienation to this day.]

Before a smouldering fire at twilight hour  
I muse alone. The ancient room, low-  
beamed,  
Holds for my ear thoughts voiced by  
forms that teemed  
Two hundred years ago with life and power.  
I breathe the essence of sweet joys that  
flower

In light of home ; while life that only  
    *seemed*  
On history's page becomes the real, re-  
    deemed  
From all the chaff that time fails not to  
    shower.

Ah, such old places, holding through the  
    years  
Continuous life of man's activity,  
Reveal a wealth beyond that which appears  
    In modern homes built e'er so lovingly.  
Imbued so long with human hopes and  
    fears,  
Have they not claim to personality ?

## OUR LADY OF THE MANSE.

Of all those born into the name to share  
The charming freedom of the Porter  
Manse,

None were more worthy of inheritance  
Than she who now presides as lady there.  
Her gracious calm makes hospitality wear  
A beauteous crown of peace. Kind tol-  
erance

And wide-embracing sympathy enhance  
Her power to please and lighten daily care.

'Tis only such rare souls who pierce the  
truth  
Of home-life secrets, and through tact  
and grace,

Make growing years reflect the joys of  
youth.

They lose not hope, though sorrow leave  
a trace

In all their joy. Such cannot fail, forsooth,  
Of making home a loved abiding place.

TO B. P. SHILLABER.

*July 12, 1888.*

When lingering Day at last recedes from  
sight,  
And Night comes slowly forth to fill her  
place,  
Preceded by a twilight-hour's loved face  
Reflecting glorious rays of sunset light,  
'Tis then my thoughts go wandering with  
delight  
Through oft-frequented avenues of space  
To those dear souls — the dearest of the  
race —  
Who've dwelt with me on friendship's purest  
height.

From this old mountain-top I come to you,  
My large souled trusted friend of many  
a year,  
With birthday greetings of the roseate hue  
Left by a perfect Day just lingering here.  
Oh, may life's twilight hold a peace as  
true,  
And be as filled with hope of dawn's  
sweet cheer !

*Mount Wachusett, Mass.*



## TO OUR MARY.

Sweet sister, thoughtful ever of our need,

Forgetting self, if only we be served,

How oft thy loving sympathy has nerved  
Our fainting hearts to kinder, nobler deed,  
Or brought to being thoughts that inter-  
cede

For others' progress. We, all unde-  
served,

Cannot forget that life to ends thus  
curved

Made time for us to plant our own pet  
seed.

The world owes much to many a sister  
dear,

Who, banishing with tears in midnight  
hour

A fond desire for larger, happier sphere,  
Strives faithfully in lowly life to shower  
Rich daily blessings. Such may know e'en  
here

A Christ-like joy unknown to worldly  
power.

*Chelsea, Mass., 1887.*

## A BIRTHDAY REMEMBRANCE.

TO F. D. L.

*September 26.*

Time brings to thee from out his storehouse  
old

Another year, which graciously awaits  
Thy fair soul's bidding, as it estimates  
The wealth the parting year has left untold.

Clothed in chameleon garments, which  
unfold

The fresh new days thine eye ne'er  
underrates,

It brings continued hope of life that  
dates

Man's finest being. Thou its secrets hold !

Are not such birthdays restful stepping  
stones,

To aid the growing soul pick out the way  
To life eternal? Not earth's bitterest moans  
Or wildest joys can man's true progress  
stay,

If, in these pauses, he but hear the tones  
Of immortality's soothing, deathless lay.

1887.

JOSEF HOFMANN.

*(After hearing him play at Boston Music Hall in 1888.)*

O marvellous child, a temple where in ease  
Expectant Genius dwells, while lingering  
here

On earth to fit us for the heavenly sphere,  
Dost feel awe-struck to know thou hast the  
keys

To new and wondrous unheard harmonies?

O favored boy, marked out to be the peer  
Of those who in all ages God's voice hear,  
Hushed are our souls before what thy soul  
sees !

Guard tenderly, O earth, O sky, O fates,  
This precious earthly temple of Art's  
shrine !

May chilling poverty, or sin that dates  
Soul loss, ne'er hinder Genius' wise design  
To have full sway — as she anticipates —  
In working out, in time, her laws divine.

I.

AFTER THE DENIAL.

*John 21 : 15-18.*

When fast was broken on Tiberias' shore,  
The risen Lord, still anxious that his own  
Should know love's secret as to him 'twas  
known,

Thrice asked of Peter, "Lovest thou me  
more

Than these?" The third time Peter's heart  
was sore.

Must even love divine have doubt's sad  
tone?

"Thou knowest, Lord, I love thee," was  
his moan.

Then, "Feed my sheep," Christ answered  
as before.

Still in these days the risen Lord bends  
o'er

'The shores of time, and longs for human  
love ;

'The love that hears his voice, awake, asleep,  
And makes response as Peter did of yore.

“ Lovest thou me ? ” O Christ, from heights  
above,

'Thou knowest that we love thee. “ Feed  
my sheep.”



## II.

### GETHSEMANE.

*Matthew 26 : 36-46.*

“ Could ye not watch with me one hour ? ”

O heart

Of Christ, still longing in the bitterest  
hour

For human sympathy and love to shower  
A needed strength beyond words to im-  
part !

Humanity is richer for this art

Of seeing in poor finite man a power —  
Before which even ministering angels  
cower —

To know all truth, e'en dread Gethsemane's  
smart.

Alas! the power to know will bring the  
pain.

But through the pain of wisdom's true  
insight

Is Christ's own perfect sympathy made  
plain.

Possessed of this, we see in tenderest  
light

His sorrowing heart in failing to obtain

The longed-for love in hour of darkest  
night.

## ON LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

By old Owl's Head on Memphremagog's  
side,

In hammock-nook 'midst scenery wild  
and bold,

The spirit of the waters, as of old,  
Broods o'er my soul, its secrets to confide,  
It whispers of the anguish, joy, and pride,

The heart of man has on its bosom told ;  
And hails as conqueror Him who once  
did hold

Its heart in peace when tempest-tossed and  
tried.

Loved spirit of the waters, we too hail

The power of Him who walked the holy  
sea

Of Galilee.    Capacity to fail

    Were harder to believe than victory.

May He who conquered wildest Nature's  
    heart

His infinite power and rest to us impart !

*August, 1891.*

LUKE 23 : 24.

From holy depths he to the Father prayed,  
“Forgive them, for they know not what  
they do.”

His heart, pierced then with anguish  
through and through,  
Cried out “’Tis finished,” as he death  
obeyed.

In bitterest wrong this marvellous soul was  
weighed

With tenderest love and longing towards  
those who,

Through ignorance of what they might  
be too,

Were now the slaves of evil passion’s raid.

“They know not what they do.” O blessed  
sight

Into the heart of sin’s great mystery.

Forgiveness here is shown in sweetest light,

Clothed in her garment of sincerity.

Blest are those souls who reach this precious  
height ;

They know the secret of Christ’s victory.

TO THE MEMBERS OF MY HOME  
CLUB.\*

While dwelling in sweet wisdom's fruitful  
ways,

In company with poets grand and good  
Who met our human nature's every mood,  
What life was ours, beyond our words to  
praise !

In seeking for the secret of the lays  
Which clothed in art pure, Nature's daily  
food,

Or brought to light a Christian brotherhood,  
Did we not garner thoughts for future  
days ?

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\* For an account of this Home Club, see the *Boston Literary World*, of July 9, 1887, and June 9, 1888; also, *Lend a Hand*, for September, 1889.

'Tis one of wisdom's joys, while lingering  
here

To plant her seeds of righteousness and  
peace,

To give a sweet companionship and cheer  
To those who seek from her their soul's  
increase.

This, friends, we've felt in our Club atmo-  
sphere.

May its sweet memory linger till life  
cease !

*Chelsea, Mass., 1888.*



FOR MY LITTLE NEPHEWS  
AND NIECES.



## A MAMMA'S LULLABY.

Dream of loveliest beauty in thine hour of  
sleep,

Harold, baby boy.

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby.

Catch the sweetest glimpses of the heavenly  
bliss,

While the holy angels bless thee with a  
kiss.

Lullaby, lullaby.

So shall mamma feel a breath

Of celestial power,

To beautify the ministry,

Of baby's waking hour.

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,

Harold, baby boy.

Lullaby, lullaby.

## WARREN'S SONG.

How I love you, baby dear,  
Sister Rosamond !  
I must kiss you,  
I must hug you,  
I must be your little beau,  
To protect you  
Or to rescue  
From the faults of friend or foe.  
I must grow more wise and graceful  
Every way,  
That I may be true and helpful  
For the day  
When, as lovely fair young woman,  
You will need my stay.  
Darling Rosebud,

How I love you,  
How I love you, sister dear !  
Oh, I will be good and pure,  
Striving always to endure  
What will make me honest, kind,  
Generous, manly, strong in mind,  
Worthy of my Rosebud.  
Darling Rosebud,  
Sweetest Rosebud,  
How I love you, sister dear !

## BABY MILDRED.

Darling baby Mildred, playing on the  
floor —

I see !

Creeping here and creeping there,  
Into mischief everywhere,  
Mamma's little pet and care —

I see !

Fearless baby Mildred, on her rocking  
horse —

I see !

Never slipping from her place,  
Joyous laughter keeping pace  
With a motion full of grace —

I see !

Thoughtful baby Mildred, papa's pet and  
pride —

I know !

Lighting up the passing days  
With such happy, winsome ways,  
Joy of household life that pays — •

I know !

Tired baby Mildred, lovely eyes all closed—

Sleep on !

Waking, heaven will be more near  
For the angels' presence here,  
Whispering secrets in her ear —

Sleep on ! Sleep on !

## ROSAMOND AND MILDRED.

Rosamond and Mildred, playing on the  
floor —

I see !

Laughing blue eyes, dimpled face,  
Laughing brown eyes, ways of grace,  
Chubby hands that interlace —

I see !

Rosamond and Mildred, trying hard to  
walk —

I see !

Clinging now to mamma's dress,  
Trembling in new happiness,  
Then at last a sweet success —

I see !



Rosamond and Mildred, born the same  
glad year —

I know !

Cousins ; each in her own way  
Growing wiser every day,  
Full of promise as of play —  
I know !

Rosamond and Mildred, parting to go  
home —

Good-bye !

Each a little picture fair,  
Carrying blessing everywhere.  
Grateful are we for our share —  
Good-bye ! Good-bye !

'CHILLA.

Chinchilla? Come, 'Chilla! —  
Ah, here she comes bounding,  
So quickly responding,  
Oh, who could but love her!  
Her fur like chinchilla —  
Her movements all grace —  
Such a wise little face —  
What kitty is like her?  
Oh, who could but love her,  
Our dear pretty 'Chilla!

## CHILDISH FANCIES.

(A FACT.)

My little nephew, four years old,  
A sweet-faced, blue-eyed boy,  
Was one day playing by my side  
With this and that pet toy,

When all at once he said to me,—  
As, laying down my book,  
I paused a while to watch with joy  
His bright, expressive look,—

“If Mac and I should plant today  
Some paper in the ground,  
Say, would it grow to be a book  
Like yours, with leaves all bound?”

'These were the same two little boys  
Whose nurse searched far and wide  
For little sister's rubber shoes ;  
"Where can they be ?" she cried.

"I know," replied Mac, eagerly,  
"We planted them last night,  
'To see if they would bigger grow  
To fit our feet all right."

Dear little boys ! These fancies hint  
Of future questions deep,  
When evolution's grand idea  
Shall o'er their vision sweep.

God grant that when these come to them,  
As at Truth's shrine they bow,  
A childlike faith and earnestness  
May fill them then as now.

## WHAT LITTLE BERTRAM DID.

(A FACT)

Our little Bertram, six years old,  
Sat on his grandpa's knee,  
Enjoying to the full the love  
That grandpa gave so free,

When, looking up bewitchingly,  
He said,— the little tease,—  
“ Will grandpa give me just one cent  
To buy some candy, please ? ”

Who could resist such loveliness ?  
This grandpa could not, sure.  
So with a kiss he gave the cent —  
Ah, how such things allure !

No sooner was the cent in hand,  
Than off the fair boy ran  
To buy his candy, “ ‘lasses kind,”  
Or little “candy-man.”

Now on his way, in scanning well  
A window full of toys,  
He spied a ring with big red stone,  
O'erlooked by other boys.

All thought of candy was forgot.  
He'd buy that ring so fine  
For his new sister, Rosamond —  
Oh, how his eyes did shine !

How could he stop to calculate  
The size of such a thing ;  
His only care was for the price —  
Would one cent buy the ring ?

Ah yes, it would. The ring was bought ;  
And never girl or boy  
Went tripping homeward through the  
streets  
With greater wealth or joy.

“DEAR LITTLE MAC.”\*

(A FACT.)

When nearly eight years old, dear little  
Mac  
Was called from out his happy home-life  
here  
To that blest sphere  
Beyond earth's dearest power to call him  
back.

“His questions wise will now sure answer  
find,”  
Said one who 'd loved to watch his eager  
face,  
In happy chase

---

\* MacLaurin Cooke Gould, died in Maplewood, Mass., November 8, 1887.



Of many a thought which flitted through  
his mind.

"Yes, he knows more than we," another  
said,  
"Instead of guiding him, he'll be our guide  
To where abide  
The things we need most to be comforted."

While thus the older ones their comfort  
sought,  
Two of the children paused in midst of  
play,  
To have their say  
Concerning this great mystery Death had  
brought.

"Dear little Mac," said Miriam, with a  
sigh,

"He's gone way up to heaven where angels  
are,  
Way up so far  
That we can't ever see him till we die."

"He's not up there," said Bertram. "He  
can't be.  
I saw them put him in the cold dark  
ground,  
And I went round  
And threw some flowers in for him to see."

"He isn't there," replied the four-year old,  
"He's up in heaven. My mamma told  
me so.

He *is*, I know.  
He isn't in the ground all dark and cold."

A moment Bertram sat absorbed in thought,  
While Miriam felt the joy of victory.

Then suddenly  
The lovely six-year-old this idea caught :

"I tell you what, Mac's body's in the  
ground;  
His head, his feet, and every other part,  
But just his heart —  
And that's gone up to heaven, and angels  
found."

The child thus solved the thought that  
troubled so.

And as I overheard this earnest talk,—  
Which might some shock,—  
I wondered if we could more wisdom show.

As each seemed satisfied, their play went  
on.

But Bertram's thought sank deep in sister's  
mind,

And left behind  
The wonder how dear Mac to heaven had  
gone.

At last, when ready for their sweet “Good  
Night,”  
She softly said, “It can’t be very dark,  
Not *very* dark  
For Mac, I know, ’cause God will make it  
light.”

Oh, lovely faith of childhood’s trusting  
days,  
Sent fresh from heaven to be our loving  
guide,  
When sadly tried  
By doubt or sorrow’s strange, mysterious  
ways.

WILLARD AND FLORENCE ON  
MOUNT WACHUSETT.

*July, 1888.*

Happy little girl and boy,  
Dancing hand in hand  
Over hill and valley land,  
Filled with summer joy ;

Climbing up the steep path side  
To Wachusett's top,  
With that graceful skip and hop  
Born where fairies hide ;

Seeing Holyoke from the height,  
Old Monadnock clear,  
While Washacum twin-lakes near  
Sparkle in sun-light ;

Tripping down the mountain-road  
 Back to cottage home,  
 Only pausing there to roam  
 Where laurel finds abode ;

Jumping on the new-mown hay,  
 Sitting under trees,  
 Feeling every mountain breeze,  
 Hearing birds' sweet lay ;

Lying on the mossy stone  
 By the brook's cascade,  
 Listening 'neath the sylvan shade  
 To its rippling tone ;

Down at pretty Echo Lake,  
 Plucking maiden-hair,  
 Gathering glistening "sundew" there  
 For "dear mamma's sake" ;

Picking in the pastures near  
    Berries red and blue ;  
Spying where the mayflowers grew  
    Earlier in the year ;

Watching for the sun to rise,  
    Following sunset-cloud,  
Singing low and singing loud  
    While the swift day flies ;

Waiting for the "Tally-Ho,"  
    With its looked-for mails,  
Hearing strangers tell their tales  
    As they come and go ;

Happy little girl and boy,  
    Dancing hand in hand  
Over hill and valley land,  
    Filled with summer joy.

## A LITTLE BRAZILIAN.

(A FACT.)

'Twas in Brazil last Christmas day,  
While at a family feast,  
A little girl of five years old  
The merriment increased,

By crying out,—as glasses held  
The ice she ne'er had seen,—  
“Oh see! what pretty little stones.  
What for? Where have they been?”

“Here, give her one,” the host exclaimed,  
Pleased with her childish glee.  
“’Twill show her as no words could show  
What ice is, and must be.”



She grasped the "white stone" in her hand,  
All watching eagerly,  
When suddenly she let it fall,  
And cried, "It's burning me."

But, anxious still to see it more,  
She asked a servant near  
To hand it in a napkin wrapped —  
Then there would be no fear.

Again the ice was in her hand,  
Her plaything for the day,  
When all at once she cried aloud,  
"The stone is running away."

A glass of water now was used,  
Sure that would keep it hers.  
But no! with all her loving watch  
The same result occurs.

The plaything gone, at evening hour  
She sat on uncle's knee.

"Who makes those white stones, you or  
God?"

She asked, inquiringly.

"In Miss Brown's land [a Boston friend]  
God makes them," answered he.

"But in Brazil a factory-man  
Makes them for you and me."

A moment's pause. Then said the child,—  
Heaven's blessing on her fall,—

"Why doesn't God get from Brazil  
A man to make them all?"

## THE LITTLE DOUBTER.

“ Mamma, where is the sun to-day,  
While all this rain comes down ? ”

Ah, little girl  
Of flaxen curl,  
Who has not asked before  
This question o’er and o’er ?

“ Behind the clouds so thick and black  
The sun is shining still,”  
The mother quickly answered back,  
Her child with faith to fill.

The child looked up in strange surprise,  
In doubt almost a pain,  
Then turned again her wistful eyes  
To watch the pouring rain.

“ I don’t believe ’tis shining still,”

She muttered to herself.

Ah, little girl

Of flaxen curl,

Why doubt e’en mother’s word,

Because of feelings stirred ?

“ I won’t believe it till I see

The sun behind that cloud,”

She still went on, defiantly,

To say in accents loud.

Now, while she gazed as if to see

The truth made known by sight,

Behold the cloud did suddenly

Become imbued with light.

“ There, there, mamma, the sun, the sun ! ”

The little doubter cried.

And, full of joy at victory won,  
She danced with childish pride.

The mother watched with tearful eyes  
Her child's transparent joy,  
But dared not quench the glad surprise.  
Or victory's power destroy.

"Perhaps she'll need this proof," she sighed,  
"Of hidden things made plain,  
When in the depths of life she's tried,  
And all fond hopes are slain."

While thus she mused, as mothers will,  
The little daughter fair  
Rushed to her arms, all smiling still,  
And said, while nestling there,

“ Behind the clouds the sun *does* shine,  
E’en while the rain comes down.”

    Ah, little girl  
    Of flaxen curl,  
This wisdom is indeed  
For future hours of need.

## OUR KITTY'S TRICK.\*

I know that all the boys and girls  
    Would be so glad to see  
Our kitty do the little trick  
    She often does for me.

When asked, "O kitty, where's the ball?"  
    She to my shoulder leaps,  
And looks directly to the shelf,  
    Where from a box it peeps.

She will not cease to look and beg,  
    Until I find the place  
Where she can take between her teeth  
    The ball with easy grace.

---

\* These verses, true in every detail, are only preserved in remembrance of a pet cat of our family for many years.

Then quickly to the floor she jumps;  
When, dropping first the ball,  
She runs behind the open door  
That leads into the hall.

She waits, with only head in sight,  
The ball to see me throw;  
Then after it she scampers well  
Some forty feet or so.

She never fails to bring it back;  
Then lifts with wondrous grace  
Her velvet paw to take the ball  
From out its hiding place.

This done, she nestles by my side,  
And purrs while I caress,  
Unconscious of the trick she's done,  
Since three months old or less.



She thus will lie in calm repose  
So long as I am still ;  
But if I move to touch the ball,  
Then all her nerves will thrill,

Her eyes will shine, she'll quickly find  
Her place behind the door,  
And wait again to see the ball  
Roll on the long hall floor.

Ah, kitty dear, who told you how  
To join thought, act, and sight ?  
Must not we think that in you dwells  
The germ of mental light,

The germ that makes you kin to us  
In kind though not degree,  
But which was quickened by His touch  
For our supremacy ?

## A MESSAGE.

A mountain hides within itself  
This message grand and true,  
Which at my bidding came to-day  
For me to give to you :

“ Drink deep of Nature’s sweetest life,  
While learning how to wait.  
Stand strong against the tempest’s strife,  
Not questioning the fate.  
Then shalt thou live above the din  
Of petty things below,  
Absorbing depths of life within,  
The future to o’erflow.”

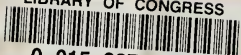
*At the foot of Mount Holyoke.*







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